

12 THE  
Converted Jacobite:

BEING

A Brief Admonition

To all our present

MURMURERS,

Upon the Present Descent against *France*.

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28. July. 1692. By a Late Jacobite.

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Once being overwhelm'd with Grief and Care,  
In a most Melancholy deep Despair,  
I fate me down in a sweet silent Grove,  
Implor'd Assistance from Great Thundering *Jove*;

And that he would be pleas'd to let me know,  
His Mind to Mortals in this World below,  
Whether the Ways were Good which here they take,  
Allegiance from Great *James* thus to forsake,  
And give the Crown unto his Royal Son:  
Now, Is this well, which they on Earth have done?

When I had spoke, and these my Words had ended,  
Great *Jove*, as I did think, to me descended,

And

And with a furly Voice, these words he said,  
 What wilt thou have of me? Art not afraid  
 To question what I have done in this same thing,  
 To take the Crown from a Delinquent King,  
 And give the same unto his Royal Son?  
 Ther Murmur not, for what I've done, I've done:  
 For 'twas my Royal Will,\* and my Decree,  
 That now, henceforth, this British Land should be  
 From Popish Dispensations ever free;  
 And not once buckle to the Whore of *Rome*,  
 Who shortly must expect her final Doom.  
 Then what do you, proud Mortals, to despise  
 What I have done? And with your loudest Cries,  
 Seek unto *Him*, who lately was cast down,  
 And shall no more Possess the *English* Crown:  
 For now I've given it to a Potent Prince;  
 And this was by the Fates decreed long since:  
 And by the Word of Mighty *Jove* I spoke,  
 That he should free you from all Tyrants Yoke.  
 He Tyrants shall subdue, and Nations free  
 From Servitude; and all the *French* shall see  
 His Mighty Actions, trembling at the same,  
 And stand amazed at Great *WILLIAM*'s Name,  
 Which shall be Honour'd with eternal Fame.  
 Cease then your Tricks; in vain 'tis that you strive,  
 To set Him up, whom Heaven did deprive:  
 Your Plots will fail; and you shall quickly know,  
 That I have pre-ordain'd your Overthrow:  
 Your Ruine and Destruction it will bring,  
 To seek to raise your *Abdicated King*,  
 Who was Dethron'd by the Eternal Doom,  
 That Mighty *WILLIAM* should supply his room.  
 Give o'er then in time, else you shall see,  
 The rigid Fate of your curst Destiny.  
 Not being fit with *English* Men to dwell,  
 You must turn off, for there is room in Hell,  
 Which, for such Rogues, is much the fitter place,  
 Who are the Spawn of a Rebellious Race.

Then

Then be content, and don't pretend to Slander  
 The Mighty Actions of the World's Commander:  
 For I do swear, by my fierce roaring Thunder,  
 I'll do such Things will fill the World with Wonder.

No sooner *Jove* himself these Words had spoke,  
 But at some distance there appear'd a Smoke,  
 An horrid, stinking, and sulphureous Smell,  
 Then quickly did appear the Devil of Hell;  
 Who, when he saw Great *Jove* to be so near,  
 He kept far off, surpriz'd with sudden fear,  
 And from his Presence did begin to fly;  
*Jove* call'd him back, then he came quickly nigh.  
 Where hast thou been, Grim *Pluto*, then he said:  
 Hast been at Work at thy Infernal Trade?  
 I have, said he, (and in a Passion Swore)  
 And Work'd so hard, I ne'er Work'd so before.  
 What is the reason thou'rt so hard at Work?  
 Dost thou expect Great *Lewis*, or the *Turk*,  
 For to attend at thy Infernal Court?  
 Or dost thou want some Fools to make the Sport?  
 If so, a Thousand *Jacobites* I'll send thee,  
 Their Company's good, and can't offend thee.  
 Thou always wer't their Friend, they like thee well,  
 I think no Place so fit for them as Hell.  
 Be thou but sure, that when thou hast them there,  
 Thou keep them under with a Slavish Fear:  
 Thus if thou dost, the better they will be,  
 And Chain them fast, they'll never run from thee.  
 Then *Pluto* said, Great *Jove* I thee implore,  
 To send enough, none I'll lay up in Store:  
 This sort of Cattle I like best of all,  
 None comes amiss to me of great and small.  
 Ne'er sparing be, or think that I want Room;  
 But send them all, I do not care how soon;  
 I have some by me, seem to be good Meat,  
 I'll fry them well, then they'll be fit to eat:  
 When they are caught and foil'd in their own Treason,  
 Then the *Jacobites* are here in Season.

But

But if I thought they would officiate  
 As heretofore, with a projecting Pate,  
 Then I would beg they might here longer stay,  
 And not be hurried in such hast away.  
 They've done their best, and they can do no more,  
 To me their welcome, I will pay their Score;  
 Well then quoth *Jove*, I'll send you them so fast,  
 You shant miss one, but have them all at last.  
 For as for Heaven, now I Vow and Swear,  
 And do protest that none shall e'er come there.  
 So get thee Back, now *Pluto* to retreat,  
 And take thy Place in thy infernal Seat;  
 Be ready to receive, when I do send 'em,  
 And try what you can do, for we can't mend 'em;  
 I'll send you *LEWIS*, and make Room be sure,  
 For he a rousing Heat may well endure.  
 Prepare a Place for him then with all Speed,  
 I'll send him quickly, he shall come indeed.  
 With that Grim *Pluto* made no longer stay,  
 But of a suddain vanish quite away.  
 And then quoth *Jove*, no mortal Man doth hear  
 Their tragick End, which now approaches near.  
 Love Great King *William*, his Sword that shall prevail,  
 This I have said, and not one Word shall fail.  
 For nought shall hurt him, or stand in his Way  
 To hinder him, for he shall win the Day.  
 Thus *Jove* departing flew into the Skies,  
 And soon was hid from my poor Mortal Eyes.  
 This was my Vision then which I did see,  
 My Brother *Jacobites*, belive you me,  
 But if you don't, the Case is still the same;  
 I told the Truth, and you are all to blame.  
 If you persist in your rebellious Will,  
 You make your selves alone unhappy still;  
 Then be content, and don't your selves deceive,  
 Take good Advice, and so I'll take my Leave.

Vale.

